To Twist You Right

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To Twist You Right

by Sparcina

Summary

Will is tired and drunk and Hannibal is especially witty. To learn any language in such circumstances is at the very least risky… and possibly lethal. Topping with French, German, Spanish, Russian, and Lithuanian bits! Oh, and slash of course!

Une leçon de mauvaises manières

Hannibal had prepared an amazing dinner, like usual. Will didn't know the name of half the savory bits he put into his mouth, but he didn't care, intent on enjoying texture and taste. Today had been a very, very long day…

Jack had woken him before five in the morning, telling him—ordering him, really—to drive one hundred and eighty kilometers in the dark to come interpret the latest serial killer's monstrosity north of Baltimore. Everything could have gone smooth after that call, but his car decided to have a flat. Will didn't panic, changed the tire and went on. He still could have grabbed a coffee at that point, to wake up a bit and chase the last burning slivers of nightmares.

And then there was none other than the stag. Will almost smashed into it, and only managed to escape his own death because he had a vision of *his* stag right before that. Craziness could prove useful sometimes... if only that could make him feel better.

The problem with his special "flavor" of craziness—an expression his official friend and not so official psychiatrist was very fond of—was the way his empathy could throw him on the floor in the middle of a crime scene, which usually meant a pool of blood and least interesting bits, and make him pass out.

This time had been no different. When he had regained consciousness, Beverly told him he was very lucky: almost one minute without breathing, and he had still all his mental functions.

All that was left, that is. But Hannibal seemed to think it was enough to bother with friendship.

Will wanted to laugh at that. He certainly didn't feel whole. Well, his stomach felt full, but his heart and self-esteem... those were deep down an abyss closing in the Earth's center.

He took his refill of wine and leaned back in the heavenly comfortable chair of Hannibal's living room—a gracious composition of greens and browns, with golden undertones. He felt relaxed here. Actually, he felt relaxed wherever he was, as long as Hannibal was around—except on a crime scene. He was always a mess on a crime scene, and today had proven him even more right than usual.

"Thanks."

"*Tout le plaisir est pour moi.*" (1)

The foreign words, spoken with grace and a hint of amusement, brought him back to the man facing him.

"What did you say?"

Hannibal sat down with his own glass of wine, inhaling the velvet liquid with such pleasure Will had to smile. There was no doubt that Hannibal was an hedonist: his relationship to wine, food...

Him? He crushed this particular train of thought.

“It means ‘my pleasure’.”

“Is it Italian?”

“No, it is French.”

“Oh.”

Will couldn’t understand Hannibal’s gift with languages. For him, Italian, Spanish, French—it was all the same thing. He could tell Lithuanian, Hannibal’s mother tongue, apart from the rest, but that was only the exception that confirmed the rule.

Hannibal didn’t speak often in Lithuanian. However, when he did, the words always carried intense emotions, such as the time he had talked about his beloved sister Mischa. All things considered, it might be the fact that Will made an extra effort to remember the words in those contexts that made him believe he could tell this language apart. He pondered over that hypothesis. He sighed. He sighed a lot these days.

“I don’t understand shit when you don’t speak-”

He stopped himself, considering his language. Hannibal just smiled. His perfect teeth flashed in the dim light.

“What’s ‘I don’t understand’ in French?””

He had to be quite drunk already to even considerer learning this tongue-twisting madness that was French. In his mind canoeing through alcohol, the whole word was in capital letters, far bigger than Hollywood.

Hannibal obliged immediately. He didn't look particularly satisfied, which could only mean he was deeply content.

“*Je veux te sucer,*” (2) he said, enunciating each syllable carefully.

Will arched an eyebrow. Those damning sounds, so sensual coming out of Hannibal’s mouth…

What?

“What?”

Hannibal's expression almost looked smug. Will blinked. “*Je. Veux. Te. Sucer*.” Hannibal said again, slower this time.

Will shook his head. He should definitively not have touched alcohol after such a day.

"*Je. Veux. Te. Sucer*." The words tasted strange on his tongue, too sweet, sugar coated. Whatever his own opinion was on the subject, however, Hannibal seemed oddly please with his efforts.

"Very good," he purred, clasping his hands in something akin to delight. "*Je vois que tu te sers très bien de ta langue.*"

Will didn't even try to decipher, this time. "What did you say?"

"I said that you certainly know how to use your tongue."

When Will blushed, then chocked on his wine, which was less red than his face at that point, Hannibal let out a chuckle, eyes sparkling with mirth. His lips slowly curled upwards. That was a lot of emotion for the man, and Will made sure to fill such expression away in his memory palace for further perusal.

"You have a twisted sense of humor, Doctor."

Hannibal replied with a hardened gaze. Dark eyes. The wine in his glass, at this moment, looked suspiciously like blood. Will licked his lips, caught up in his nonsensical fantasy. He didn't notice Hannibal's heated gaze until it burned right through him.

"What?" he squealed.

He knew something had changed, that Hannibal was not exactly the same, but with that much alcohol in his system—and some French to boost it—he couldn't pinpoint the source of his unease. Unease? That might have been too strong a word. Confusion, then?

"*Je veux te sucer,* Hannibal," he sighed, defeated.

"I know."

Hannibal looked at him very seriously. It was on days like today that Will felt grateful for the friendship of such understanding a man.

"Perhaps you already know that, but there isn't anything like practice to master an art."

Hannibal rose up gracefully from his chair and crossed the room to come stand near him, at touching distance. Will noticed Hannibal's still full glass, which was his first, but the words that just went through his red and inviting lips had already his curiosity busy.

What?

"What? You want me…" he coughed, the strong drink burning his lungs, "… to learn French, like in seriously learning French? You know I suck at languages."

"I believe myself to be an apt teacher," Hannibal retorted with a smile that could only be described as wicked. A very, very wicked smile. "Shall I show you?"

Will wasn’t sure what to do when the other man dropped on his knees in front of him.

By the time Hannibal lifted his hands to his belt and pressed his lips on his stomach, inhaling as much of him as he could, whispering French in a voice so thick he wanted to wrap himself in the syllables like a caterpillar in a cocoon, he knew what he couldn’t do.

Stop him.

Note: (1) You are welcome. (2) I want to suck you.

Schlauer und gefährlicher

Note: I still don't own anything, apart from my own "flavor" of craziness. Viel Spass!

Will headed to the two-story house with a sigh. It was very cold today, but fortunately for him, someone well-intentioned had let for him a warm—and probably expensive—coat hanging by the front door. He glanced around and spotted Beverly and Jack, who seemed busy in what looked like a heated argument. Glad he wasn't at the receiving hand of their tempers for once, he walked quietly into the house. Better safe than sorry.

A house where people got murdered always smelled different than a house buzzing with life. No amount of cleaning products or length of time could change that. Will closed the front door behind him, and once he was sure to be alone, brought the collar of the coat to his nose and took a deep breath.

Hannibal's perfume. The taste of him, in all forms.

That night three months ago when he had gotten drunk on wine, French and psychiatrist had led to more nights of the same lascivious kind, only different in that he was less and less drunk—i.e. less and less shy—and more and more fluent in French every time. He kept a notebook with all the words Hannibal taught him, double-checking them on the computer when he was at home. He trusted the other man to protect him with his life, but where languages were concerned, hewould bite off his own tongue before saying anything to anyone—anyone—in French without first making sure it was not some devious plot.

"Damn him."

He was blushing again, and the only consolation was that Hannibal couldn't see him and use it against him.

Use him… against the wall. He paused on his way upstairs, brought back to the first time Hannibal had fucked him.

It had been good, so very good. And right. He hadn't questioned this turn in their relationship then and didn't see any need to do it now. He was happier than he had ever been, and Hannibal, whose moods weren't exactly easy to tell, didn't look worse—only smugger, but that was to be expected. Will still had to get a vocal reaction out of him during sex, but he was nothing if not persistent.

A shy Will was persistent. A confident Will was unstoppable.

He now had a psychopath's mind to attend to.

OoO

"Thanks for the coat."

Hannibal smiled when Will joined him in the kitchen. He was hands deep into some kind of red and violet meaty pie, and Will didn't doubt one moment that his lover had brought to life himself every part of the dish-to-be. Hannibal might not have grown the cereals of the dough or killed the pork—or was it beef? duke?—but that was it. Will heard his stomach grumble in anticipation.

"I see your hunger has awakened," Hannibal said in his usual 'kitchen-sultry voice', organizing the outer layers of meat to his liking. "*Tu as passé une bonne journée?"* (1)

He spoke the French part slower. Will understood the two last words, and the interrogative tone did the rest.

"*Oui. Non*." He hesitated, looking for the words he needed in this tongue-twisting language. "*Le mort, encore.*"

"'Le*' mort,* Will? Death has the feminine gender in French," he chided.

"Whatever... What are you doing?"

"A *pâté de poumons humains à la coriandre*," Hannibal answered obligingly, placing the pie on a heat-resistant plate. "*La dame à qui ils ont appartenu était d'une impardonnable impolitesse.*" (2)

Will wanted to bang his head on the nearest wall. The only plausible explanation to why Hannibal and he could have any kind of serious relationship was because they were both crazy. There was also the physical attraction, but right now, the only physical urges Will had was to strike something—or a special someone. Hannibal knew Will found grammar and syntax challenging in any other language than English, and normally kept it nice and easy. However, there were times like now when he went in full bastard mode. All of a sudden, Jack appeared ten levels nicer.

"Hannibal…"

"*Oui, mon cher?*"

Will ground his teeth.

"I don't feel like talking in French tonight."

His lover turned around and washed his hands. "That is not a problem, William."

There was a problem, though. Why else would have Hannibal used his full name? And now his lover stared at him, his maroon eyes festooned with black pearls of heat; he clearly wasn't thinking about the content of the pie anymore.

Or was he? Sometimes, Will suspected Hannibal had a food kink. Not that he had dared ask yet.

In any case, Will felt himself grow hard. For every step Hannibal made in his direction, he took one back, ending up expectably against a wall—where he knew Hannibal wanted him,

where he knew he wanted to be himself.

“Now, now, Will. French is not to your liking tonight?”

With Hannibal’s arms on either sides of his head, Will forgot to breathe. Somehow, he had the impression the word 'French' was only a metaphor for something much more serious; Hannibal had something in mind, which he developped further every second, with all his might, and Will could sense waves of a new flavor of aggressiveness coming off him. When Hannibal showed his teeth, a blink of sharpened white that promised pain, Will did what he always did in such circumstances.

He leaned his head back to expose his neck. When the other man closed his mouth on his carotid, weariness and anger let place to a joyous quiescence.

To let go, to let everything go…

“*Es scheint, als wärst du reif für etwas Härteres.*” (3)

French was erotic; this new language was downright madsening, especially right now, as he was pinned against the wall by Hannibal’s hands and mouth. Hannibal's body was a magnetic wire of searing heat, and every word whispered pure arousal poured down his spine.

“What… What are you-”

“*Französisch konnte dich am Ende wohl nicht an mich binden. Wenn ich dir meine heimlichste Sprache zeigte, was geschähe dann? Du muss mir zuhören, mein kleiner William. Hörst du mir zu?*” (4)

“Is that German?” Will looked bemused, in equal parts confused and turned on.

Hannibal’s right hand snaked between their bodies and closed around his shaft. “*Ja*, Will. *So ist es.*” He began to stroke him through his pants with an excruciating tenderness. “You will listen to me, now, Will.”

“Ok.”

He couldn’t say anything else. Not when he was being touched like that, by these hands. Or it could be even simpler: he couldn't say no to Hannibal.

“*Du gehörst mir, Will; niemand anderem, noch nicht einmal dir selbst.*” (5)

“Could the answer… ah!... be ‘yes’?”

He was now naked from the waist down, and the feel of Hannibal's touch was exquisite. He could die now. He had known for a while that he would die for Hannibal, and gladly, at that. What this man did to him...

“*Kuss mich*.”

Will didn't need a master's in Germanic Studies to grasp that one. Pulling Hannibal's closer to him, he kissed him for all he was worth, tongue, lips and teeth. Hannibal responded in kind, drawing blood at once. He was always the first one to do so.

"Ha…"

Will moaned when he saw Hannibal go down on his knees. He couldn't look when he licked the tip of him, didn't dare if he wanted to last.

But he had too.

"Look at me, Will."

The moment he took in the fabulous view of Hannibal's face so very near his rock-hard cock, said face, beautiful face, still poised, with only his eyes out of control, veiled with raw hunger, Will had to grab the nearest piece of furniture not to fall. He might adore Hannibal with all he was, logic be damned, the though of going down on *his* knees and take in his mouth what felt so deliriously palatable in his intimacy…

It would be like surrendering to everything, the known and the unknown, danger and more.

Hannibal looked like he knew exactly what he was thinking, and would make him beg for it.

"*Du bist mein.*"

All coherent designs shattered when Hannibal's red lips closed on him.

Note: Translations

(1) French: You had a nice day?

(2) French: A human lung pie with coriander. The lady to which they had belonged was unforgivably rude.

(3) German: It seems you are ready for something harder.

(4) German: French could not bind you to me in the end, could it? If I showed you my most private language, what would happen then? You must listen to me, my little William. Are you listening?

(5) German: You belong to me, to no one else, not even yourself."

Since Will doesn't understand that much French, Hannibal decided to have some fun. And psychopaths like to take risks (I'm currently reading a book on the subject, which is pretty interesting, by the way, and not only because the author mentions Hannibal AND Will in the first chapter).

Caliente adelante

Note: “In his opinion the powers of the intellect held intimate connection with the capabilities of the stomach.” — *Bon-Bon*, Edgar Allan Poe

There were days when Will didn’t know what was Hannibal’s main obsession: introducing him to new dishes or teaching him languages? He felt happy in their relationship, carnal and otherwise. Hannibal handled the dangerous ramifications of his empathy confidence, so that Wil himself felt more confident every day, be it on a crime scene for Jack, in the morgue for Jack or back home studying psychopath profiles—for Jack. Hannibal often said he worked too much.

The devil could talk! Jack wasn’t the one who was forcefeededing him two neuronal-bruising languages, i.e. French and German. It was only after many weeks of hard work, constantly distracted by cadavers forming totems and spouses killing each other in the most imaginative ways, that he had finally gotten the hang of this *participle passé* horror in French. Or se he thought to comfort himself.

“Basically, a past participle agrees with the subject in gender and number when the auxiliary is ‘to be’, and with the direct object when the auxiliary is ‘to have’, but only if said direct object comes before the verb in the sentence,” he said to himself, taking off the latex gloves he had used to examine the latest inhabitant of the morgue.

He frowned, poking around in his brain for the rest of the rule.

“And then there are the reflexive verbs, which can be essentially or not essentially pronominal, and for the life of me I can’t understand why ‘to lose consciousness’ has to be reflective in French and why I have to agree to such… agree *such* a past participle, which comes with the auxiliary ‘to be’, following the rule of the auxiliary ‘to have’ because of this direct object… shit!”

His toe ached from the contact with the door, but not as much as his brain, which gave off the pulsing warning of a migraine. Damn, there were days he missed fishing from the bottom of his heart. Hooks and fishing lines he knew how to handle. Cutting open and cooking a fish also held no secret for him. Unfortunately for his overheating brain, Hannibal deemed it more appropriate to torture him with grammar rules, quizzing him at the oddest moments, and the only reason Will actually complied unraveled when clothes were shed—or torn apart, depending on Hannibal’s mood.

Fighting a blush, Will remembered this particular evening two weeks ago. It had been a Friday. More specifically, Friday the thirteenth. Will wasn't supersititious, but then his psychiatrist lover had denied him orgasm until he had given examples of the four German declination cases—good examples. And the orgasm that had followed hadn't been merely good.

His cock twitched at the memory. What came out of Hannibal’s mouth made him madly angry—and how the man used those supple lips madly aroused.

He wished he could get Hannibal to moan during sex—he wasn't naïve enough to expect screams of debauchery, but still. He knew he had some kind of talent for head jobs, because Hannibal had told him so, once over some delicious *salade printanière aux moules et aux endives* or equally mouth-watering *tartelette aux fruits des champs avec coulis au sirop d'érable*, (1) in the same tone he listed the ingredients and preparation method of his meals.

"Wait. He does that in an erotic manner too."

An affectionate smile formed on his lips.

OoO

Will didn't smile anymore, affectionate or otherwise. He would have punched Hannibal with serious conviction if he hadn't been so busy with his ears ringing, his eyes inunded in tears, his face beet-red and his nose running a biathlon, rendered incapable of speech by the one drop of spicy decadence Hannibal had laid on his innocent tongue with a smile.

"Hnbl… Rsnfn" he moaned lamentably and grabbed the counter, vision swarming and knees bucking.

Hannibal put down the tiny red bottle at some distance. Gracious as ever, he then went around him and let his white apron fall to the floor. Will whimpered at the contact of his fingers on his sides, butterfly light under his shirt but nonetheless potent given what he had ingested. He leaned against his chest and clenched his fists, wondering what he had done to deserve this. Good. Bad. A devil's deal.

"I would love to bring you some more French or German during this charming evening," Hannibal crooned, lips brushing his ear, "but I fear that what you have just tasted requires a more… suave tongue."

Hands perched possessively on his hips, Hannibal darted his tongue and stroke Will's thundering pulse, lapping at the blood vessel so tempting, yet so evading, stretching under the glossy skin.

"What was this-"

"*No tienes la mas minima idea de cuanto me gusta jugar con tu mente, mi querido Will*," a tantalizing purr rose behind him. "*Eres tan delisioso que no hay palabra que pueda describir tu sabor. Por esta razon necesito sazonarte, Will, para extraer las maravillas en ti. Comprendes?*" (2)

Will tried to swallow past the fire gushing his mouth, but that amounted to get rid of his empathy—which, on a scale of 1 to 10 of probabilities, stood around -8000. "*Comprendes*." He replied using the only word he had understood, then switched to a heavy-accented, but perfect French. "*Je ne comprends pas ce que tu dis,* s*'il te plaît…*" (3)

"*Du willst es dir immer einfach machen*," (4) Hannibal chided him, now speaking German with an ease Will wanted to choke him with.

He was beginning to be really pissed off. And he was hungry, and he would bet that now, after the little 'spicy delectation' Hannibal had given him, he couldn't tell the difference between rotten fish and chocolate cake.

"*Na, und? Manchmal* I'm tired of your little games, Hannibal. *Bitte. Ich habe Hunger!"* (5)

"*Tienes hambre, mi amor? Lamento si tuviste que esperar. Empezamos!*" (6)

The words sounded sincere, but the mischievous gleam in those maroon eyes told him another story. Will let Hannibal guide him to the table, where he emptied in three gulps the glass of milk offered to him. At least, he thought it was milk—it was not like he could taste it. But it was white and smelled nothing too strange.

Hannibal sat on the chair beside him and gave the hint of a smile, pleased with something he wasn't ready to share.

"Was this Italian?"

He would *not* give his lover the satisfaction of losing it so easily, albeit it was a little late for that. Hannibal's lips curled upwards. Those lips… Will darted his tongue to lick his own, wet with the white drink.

"I just spoke Spanish to you, Will."

"Now, I wonder how I would have known the difference."

"I will teach you, don't worry." Before Will could interrupt him with his familiar argument, Hannibal went on in his arousing teacher voice. "What you just tasted ranged at 40 000 Scoville heat units on the scale of pungency-"

"But that's a hell of a-"

"A scale," continued Hannibal with a frown, "that goes way past 10 000 000. What you just had was nothing. An average human being can withstand 3 000 000 without any sever consequences."

"Maybe I'm impaired."

Hannibal cupped his chin and hooked his eyes.

"Maybe you just need practice."

And on those very wise words, Hannibal pulled him into his lap and plundered the mouth he had so deviously besieged. His deft hands trailed higher under Will's shirt, his cold digits almost producing steam upon contact with the hot skin. Will let out a gasp of pleasure and kneaded Hannibal's perfect buttocks, sucking hungrily at the tongue ravaging his mouth. He knew Hannibal liked it, and one day, one day…

Hannibal broke the kiss and set on sucking his jaw, just above his pulse. Will couldn't help but notice his fascination for this particular part of his anatomy.

“First lesson: there are two verbs ‘to have’ and two verbs ‘to be’ in Spanish, my dear Will,” Hannibal said in a sensuous voice. "Be sure to remember that.”

Before Will could ask his damned lover if he was out of his mind, said lover lifted him on the dinner table and peeled his pants off his legs. Shaking in anticipation, he didn’t pay heed to Hannibal’s next words—not that he would have understood them, anyway.

"He querido compartir mis secrets mas intimos contigo desde hace tanto tiempo ,Will... Entiendes lo dificil que es mentirte cada vez que nos encontramos, cuando tengo tu deseo, tu sumisión ? No podré resistir por mucho mas tiempo, me atemoriza. Espero que vayas a estar listo, realmente lo hago...” (7)

The lips brushing his strained head sent him over the abyss, but not before a peculiar thought occurred to him.

What if Hannibal was not using new languages for the sole purpose of making him crazy, but to reveal things to him and hide them at the same time?

He was one to know crazy, after all.

Note: Whoa, sorry for the slow update, I was head over heels in my first original novel in English. After four in French, I surmised time was ripe for a language challenge, and now that I just wrote the very last word… Party for me (and eventually for you)! Hope you enjoyed the Spanish ride, because next time… Another one comes :) Translations now:

(1) French: Spring mussel and endive salad or equally mouth-watering berry tartlet with a maple syrup coulis.

(2) Spanish: You don’t have the slightest idea how much I like to play with your mind, my dear Will. You are so delicious that no word could possibly describe your taste. For this reason, I need to season you, Will, so as to bring out that amazedness in you. Do you understand?

(3) French: I don’t understand what you’re saying, please…”

(4) German: You always want it easy.

(5) German: So what? Sometimes, I’m tired of your little games, Hannibal. Please. I’m hungry!

(6) Spanish: You’re hungry, my dear? Sorry if you had to wait. Let us begin!

(7) Spanish: I’ve wanted to share my most intimate secrets with you for so long, Will… Do you know how hard it is to lie to you when we meet, when I have your excitation, your submission, right there by me? I won’t be able to resist much longer, I’m afraid. I hope you will be ready, I really hope you will…”

капитуляция в экстазе

Note: My specials thanks to Alysana, who helped me with the Russian parts (I've only begun to learn the language...)

Hannibal's head jobs were something to be coveted. Well… If Will was honest with himself, there was an act he found even more thrilling, wondrous, extraordinary, blissfully mind-and-body-blowing.

And that was Hannibal fucking him senselessly against the ladder in his office. Or on any other surface, for that matter.

Now wasn't the time to think about their latest make out session, though. Will cleared his throat and pushed the door leading to the forensic department.

The latest case Jack had presented him with hadn't involved getting out of bed early in the morning, but Will would have rather had a short night of sleep—which he tended to get anyway, either because a serial killer's accomplishments were gnawing at him or because Hannibal wanted to experience new facets of their intimate relationship.

"Two weeks and still not a single clue," he muttered under his breath.

The time the Bureau was spending on this case was bordering on ridiculous. Blinking at the aggressive light, he crossed the room to Jack, who happened to stand right by the latest presentation of their serial killer.

Will couldn't remember the last time he had seen flowers made of human remains. He knew the paper version, the plastic version, hell, even the silk version, at the time he had considered dating Alana, but this was taking botany to a whole new level.

The vase contained twelve roses, like he had expected. Delicate finger bones made up their stems, and sliced and sharpened tongues the leaves, all painted in green with an attention to details that churned Will's stomach. He leaned over the flowers themselves, which, thanks to Beverly, he knew were made of women' genitals. The horrid bouquet was filled away in his vivid mind for nightmares' variation purposes.

"Like I need any more of those…"

"Will?"

"Just talking to myself, Jack."

The rest went unsaid. Will sighed. Not far away from him, Jimmy and Brian were apparently creating bracelets out of the viscera ribbons that had formed the bouquet—he couldn't actually strangle them on such a whim, now, could he?—so they had to be done with their work. He sighed again and breathed in slowly, bringing in his empathy to the forefront of his mind.

OoO

A few minutes past midnight, Will drove his new car into the parking lot Hannibal had reserved for him.

His new car. That made him laugh. Sure, he hadn't had a flat tire for a while now, and the motor was purring instead of groaning, but that was only because Hannibal had purposefully arranged an accident and then bought him a new car.

Will had refused the present at first. He had gone so far as to threaten his lover to crash right away the expensive gift, but said lover, of course, had been most… persuasive.

His mouth was really something of the devil. Everything about it: the wet and agile tongue, the sharp teeth, the sensual lips, and every single word carved out of the marble throat he so loved to lick.

Will had to be careful with what he put in his mouth, however. It had taken him a few hours to recover from his lover's little introduction to 'Spanish spices', and that was before he was treated with a dish ten times hotter, one night he was particularly distracted by a set of mischievous hands.

"Are you going to stand there the whole night, Will?"

The seductive croon broke him out of his musing. Biting on his lower lip to stifle the moan Hannibal's dark gaze demanded of him, Will shook his head and climbed up the stairs to the other man's inviting arms.

"*Tes pensées sont confuses,*" the melodious voice said in his ear. '*La mort est partout autour de toi… Laisse-moi te montrer la plus jolie de toutes, pour moi, Will… ta petite mort.*"

Of all the languages Will had been forced to learn with Hannibal, French was the one he understood the most. He juggled with the words in his head.

"Death is everywhere around me… Surrounding me… and you want to show me the most…"

"… sublime…"

A shiver shot down Will's spine.

"… my little death?"

He looked nonplussed. As an answer, Hannibal closed the door and pushed Will against the wall, not as hard as he did it normally, but the latent violence in the strain of his arms, his tensed jaw, promised a thunderstorm of a bajillion volts.

"What do you mean with… ah, *la petite mort*?"

Hannibal was kissing him just under his ear, where they had discovered he was very sensitive.

"*La petite mort, c'est moi qui te fait venir, mon cher.*" (1) Without ceremony, Hannibal tugged on Will's belt and flicked down the zipper of his jeans.

"Hannibal…"

"*да, дорогой мой?*" (2)

The calloused hands on his naked thighs did wonders to his normal impatience with tongues. His breathing hitched in his already dry throat. Without anger—he was too filled with desire for anything else—he arched his back and closed his eyes, abandoning the sovereignty of his body to Hannibal's tongues and hands.

"Russian?" he gasped.

Hannibal's laugh caressed him at the back of his spine, so hot it burnt.

"*замечательно. Мне всегда так нравился твой интеллект…*" (3)

Will sagged against the wall. The Russian words, sure enough, were delivered in such an authoritarian tonehe would have crawled to hear more, but what was really undoing him were the strong fingers kneading his ass. Possessive hands. He was Hannibal's. When nightmares didn't plague him, it was of those sessions he dreamed, of this divine attention he didn't feel deserving.

"Hanni-"

The hand brushing his erection plucked a throaty moan from his lips. Hannibal chuckled and brought his index finger—his beautiful digit—to his mouth.

"*соси.*"

Will followed what seemed the most reasonable course of action: he took the finger in his mouth and began to suck it in earnest.

"*хороший мальчик*," Hannibal purred contently. "Go on, Will. I want you to keep busy with your mouth while I teach you the six declination cases of the Russian language."

And before Will could protest the agony of yet another brain-havocking puzzle, Hannibal snaked a hand between their naked bodies—when had Hannibal gotten rid of his clothes?—and wrapped his free hand around his lenght. Slowly, sensuously, he began to stroke him as he eased a middle finger in his busy red mouth.

"No protest? *Прекрасно*! Now…"

He bit on Will's ear, bringing their bodies flush against each other.

"You already know the nominative case, I believe. '**You** are enticing', for example. And then the accusative, as in 'I want to fuck **you**.'"

He freed Will's mouth for an instant.

"It is a very… hum… direct-"

"You belong **to me**, that is a direct compliment, and up to date, as the dative it is."

WIthout warning, Hannibal gave him four fingers to suck. He wasn't gentle as he pumped them into his mouth, but Will, as much as he drooled and gagged, didn't consider resistance. It would be futile. He wanted it. He wanted it so much, and the fact that Hannibal knew it only made it more arousing.

Hannibal's eyes turned a shade darker.

"The genitive case is nothing new to you, *дорогой мой*. Not after our… sessions **of the last few weeks**, no?"

Will had hardly the time to process what was happening that Hannibal let go of his cock and his mouth to press down on his shoulders, nails as sharp as claws.

"Now, the locative. Get down **on your knees**, Will."

And Will did what he was told. How could he refuse, how could such thought ever form in his swirling mind when Hannibal was looking at him like that, offering him the nicest view of the hardest part of his body? Will licked his lips in anticipation.

"Show me your tongue's skills now, *mon cher*." Hannibal traced his lower lip with his thumb, pulling at it. "So red and ready for me… *Я буду так тщательно трахать твой рот*, Will..."

"*да*."

It was the first time he responded so eagerly to his lover's invitation to try a new language.

"The instrumental," Hannibal whispered, fisting a hand in his hair, quite unable to hide his satisfied expression, "the last case. It is quite a mouthful it, as in suck me **with your mouth** and see."

See? And see he did, and tasted and swallowed. For the first time.

Note: Translations

(1) French: The little death (French metaphor for 'orgasm'), it's me that makes you come, my dear.

(2) Russian: Yes, my dear?

(3) Russian: Excellent. I always liked your intelligence, really…

(4) Russian: Good boy.

(5) Russian: I will fuck your mouth so thoroughly.

Meilė ir Maistas

Note: An exciting new language, Hannibal's mother tongue! My special thanks to Zoori, who provided the vocabulary I don't know—which is everything except 'Labas'. I can't wait to fly to Lithuania in two weeks!

The day Will had taken Hannibal in his mouth was the day he had stopped pretending he didn't like it.

To be taken hard and fast. By him.

To be humiliated. By him.

To be called in the wee hours of the night to come over, and do whatever Hannibal wanted him to do. To be, simply put, objectified for his lover's greatest pleasure.

But Will knew it wasn't a simple objectification. Hannibal needed him, in a way that he hadn't needed anybody before. Will's empathy told him that, and also that Hannibal would probably never acknowledge said need, not even after his death.

"What have I gotten myself into…" he mused.

He wasn't complaining, far from it. He was only… Thoughtful. After six months of hard work, on one hand in the field with Jack, who kept rousing him at night whenever Hannibal didn't—once, they had both called at a two-minute interval, which had been awkward—and with Jimmy and Brian, who had fortunately stopped creating jewelry out of human remains, and on another hand in Hannibal's house, or rather mansion, in every possible room except the basement, he was beginning to see things more clearly.

The cases he was working on were only one example. He never really had problems figuring out serial killers' motives before, but it was becoming incredibly easy, so much, as a matter of fact, that Beverly had begun to tease him about it.

"Could you update us too, Will?"

He knew she was joking; Beverly, besides Jack when he was satisfied, was the only one who understood that his empathy was real, and fearsome for who held its power. So he answered her good-naturally enough.

"When I figure out how I did it, I will let you know."

Maybe learning new languages had sharpened his empathy. He considered the possibility as he opened the car's door.

The ride to Hannibal's place wasn't long. In the middle of the summer, however, most people would have turned on the conditioned air. Will didn't. He was grateful for this decision when

a shiver of dread shot down his spine. Goose bumps rose on his wrists, and his knuckles turned white on the wheel.

No, it wasn't learning French, German, Spanish, and Russian that had improved his understanding of killers.

It was his relationship with Hannibal.

"Fuck!"

He gripped the wheel tighter. How could he not have seen it? He had already suspected for some time that Hannibal was using other languages to unveil some secret parts of himself, some aspect of his life that he wanted to share with him, but wasn't quite ready yet, and Will could only hit the wheel as he took in his present situation.

He knew Hannibal was a cannibal.

He was Hannibal's lover.

Therefore, he was a cannibal's lover.

"Damn it!" he swore again.

He felt trapped. The problem didn't lie in Hannibal's carefully cloaked habit itself, but in their liaison, or rather his proximity, and affection, for a serial killer. This had enwrapped his neurons in traitorous synaptic pathways. And now they all told him the same think.

Can't call Jack. Can't kill him.

His stag materialized on the road.

OoO

"Don't. Say. A. Word."

Will strode past Hannibal and went straight to the door leading to the basement. He didn't open it, didn't try to, just stood facing it. He felt a bit like the car: a total wreck, bruised and battered, his motor reflexes turned to shudders. His heartbeat was erratic.

"Will?"

"Can't you just have kept your mouth shut?!"

There were many interpretations to his shout, but Hannibal, like usual, understood what needed to be understood.

"You know," he said in a soft voice.

Not a muscle in his face moved. Those cheeks, those lips that Will had venerated and kissed… All echoes of humanity had vanished. The mask had fallen.

"You also know what you will find downstairs."

"Do I?"

Will's voice shook. He gripped the doorknob instead of his gun. He didn't even remember how to use a weapon. Hannibal's deliberately slow approach turned his blood to ice.

"What happened, Will?"

At Hannibal's light touch on his shoulder, his blood melted to fire and rushed back to his brain and heart.

He punched Hannibal straight in the face.

Or at least tried to. He moaned as his lover—a cannibal, a killer—turned his swiftly around. His arm was torn behind his back, and Hannibal pressed him against the door. Dead bodies on one side, Death embodied on the other. He felt a sob rose in his chest, but it was not fear.

"I don't like blood where it is not intended," Hannibal whispered in his ear.

The pressure on his shoulder and wrist increased. Will snarled but didn't move—he knew Hannibal was stronger, and he wouldn't give him the satisfaction of struggling.

"You manipulated me."

"You wanted it."

Will began to breathe faster.

"I made you feel better," Hannibal went on, lips so close to his nape his hair rose to catch every atom of air perfumed with his DNA. "I made you feel alive."

"With death?"

"*Štai kas aš esu*, Will. This is who I am."

This time, Will could tell Hannibal wasn't using another tongue to hide. This was Lithuanian. This was the naked truth, this was what he should have known from the first time Hannibal had touched him. His gift had been blinded to him, why? Because Hannibal was so good, or because he, Will, was so affected by the link between them that he chose to ignore all the signs?

A word, four letters, hovered in the thick silence of the kitchen. Will forced his heart to slow down.

"What do you want from me?" he chocked.

The hand that held his arm slid to his waist and held him. Not restrictive anymore, but possessive. Will's legs refused to move.

"Nothing more than what you have already offered me, Will." The croon became sublime all at once. *"Aš tikrai labai norėčiau tave suvalgyti. Bet tą padaryti galėčiau tik kartą, ir tada tavęs nebeliks."* (1)

"I can't-" Will closed his eyes. He could hear the stag behind him, coming forwards, his hooves thick with the blood of… No, the predator was already there. It had always been there. "Are you going to kill me, now?"

Fabric against fabric. Hands on his neck, strong, demanding. Not squeezing, not yet, but ready to make him obey.

Will longed to kneel.

"Why did you have to make my life better?"

This time, the sob passed his lips. Hannibal turned him around. His hands remained around his neck. Closing. And somehow it felt like a caress, because those long and delicate fingers spread on his throat, cocooning his pulse.

"*Kodėl užduodi klausimą, jeigu ir taip žinai atsakymą?* (2) Because you wouldn't do it for yourself, Will. Look at me."

"Are you going to kill me, now?" Will asked again.

"Are you going to let what we have go to waste?"

The same word, the same four letters, unspoken. Will's empathy surged forwards, and in the instant of silence that followed, he finally understood what had happened to his malediction, which some people called a gift.

It was his relationship with Hannibal that had allowed him to catch more killers. Since his mind couldn't cope with a cannibal lover, his subconscious had redirected his mental efforts where they would make the only difference that mattered.

The time for regrets had passed.

"Let me see you."

With a nod, Hannibal let go of his neck and opened the door to his lair.

Notes: For those of you who would like to listen to a La Joconde's level podfic, I direct you to justbreathe's audio adaptation of bluesyturtle's fanfiction "Hyacinth House". I swear to you, this guy has Will voice's down to an art, and his imitation of Jack's is amazing. As for the NC17 scenes… Let's just say that you don't want to listen to that in the train.

Translations

(1) I really, really want to eat you. But I could only do it once, and then you would be gone.

(2) Why do you ask questions you already know the answer to?

The Secret Tongue

Note: What better moment to write the final chapter of this fic then in the plane to Hannibal's homeland? I hope you all enjoyed the first episode of Season 3!

The silence was oppressing. Hannibal led him down into the darkness without the slightest hesitation. Will thought it made sense: Hannibal was part of those shadows, after all. He wouldn't be surprised if the man had created them himself.

One hand on the metallic banister, Will went down slower, both in his sizzling mind and in the cool and dry air. Each movement felt mechanic and artificial. He almost tripped once, but Hannibal's hand closed on his wrist in time.

The moment spread into eternity.

Will wondered if Hannibal meant to steady him or drag him down to open his throat. Although it was impossible to see his eyes in the dark, Will sensed their maroon fire on him. Searing. Considering. Impossible words issued of six different languages, Frankenstein monsters of harsh consonants and deceiving vowels, crowded his parched throat to the point of choking. He wasn't breathing air anymore, but Hannibal's soul. The stag's.

The hand on his wrist vanished. The first notes of blood reached his nose, and it was as real as the stag had been—getting more real on the forwards journey of the universe's empathy. He could taste it on his tongue, that blood. He knew the taste, and didn't know it at the same time. It had a new quality, one he was forcefully attracted to.

In the shrouded tincture of blindness, Will sensed a predatory smile.

The steps seemed endless. They were evenly spaced, perfectly logical and organised, very much like the owner. A Killer. A Cannibal. It was already clear in plain English; how in hell did he need all those other languages, all those grey lies, flourish subversions, to finally see the truth?

He should feel sick, but he didn't. It would be the rational reaction in the present circumstances, but then, when had he ever been rational about his relationship with Hannibal? He wasn't even rational himself. Jack would probably kill him if he saw him now—brushing off a man's carnage for the sake of something else, something for which Will still didn't have words.

Or rather, one. Four letters he couldn't even begin to think. He left the last step behind and followed Hannibal to what ought to be the center of the room. There was still no light.

Hannibal's hand on his throat felt more like a caress than a threat. No words were exchanged as that surgeon's hand grew heavier on his carotid. After a few seconds, Will heard his heart beat louder. Fast. It ran so fast, unlike him. For all those lives this hand had ended, it would be the fear calling, but for him—only for him—it was anticipation. Acceptation.

Will needed Hannibal to stay sane, needed him because of those four white-hot words, but Hannibal needed him, too. Their affection, their delirium, was mutual. It was the catharsis of the two halves of a broken mirror.

The thumb brushing over his Adam's apple didn't come as a surprise; neither did the flash of pain over his heart. A scalpel's cut. Unmistakably superficial and precise. Perfect in the dark. Will let out a gasp, and his knees bucked.

Hannibal held him as he sank to the floor. With his hands securing his hips, Hannibal positioned him as he wanted, and then, only then, darted his warm, wet tongue, and ran it up along the vertical cut he had made.

So good. An army of shivers invaded Will's skin. His torso felt afire. He struggled to regain some control over the pleasure singing in his veins, but Hannibal's grip was iron-strong. He couldn't escape, but then he didn't want to.

On some level, he knew that what was happening was wrong—not trying to arrest a killer, sharing his deeds in his negligence—but Hannibal's mouth locked on his wound, and his powerful hands painting bruises on his sides, washed his brain free of ethics. His synapses began to flare unidirectionally towards a greater purpose, one that Hannibal's language lessons had helped build: his transformation.

The smell of blood grew stronger. Will cried out. He found he was able to wind his arms around Hannibal's waist, and he did, pressing himself flush against the other man. There was something eerily beautiful about their kneeling in the middle of this room, wrapped in silence and secrets. A comfort of sort. He felt safe with a killer, safer than he had ever been. He shivered violentely as Hannibal sank a hand in his hair and yanked his head back, exposing his throat.

The scalpel's kiss, this time, was deeper. Hannibal was rougher, too: he didn't merely nibble at the new wound, but bit the raw exposed flesh, sucked on the blood flowing out. The tension in Will's neck spiked to pain as his head was forced into an unnatural angle. It would be so easy for Hannibal to snap his neck. His killing would be painful or painless, and the knowlege that Hannibal could impose his choice turned a switch inside Will's head. Arousal stormed into him.

They didn't talk; they kissed. Will let Hannibal devor his mouth, and he tasted his own blood under his lover's langorous stokes of tongues. Lips fought against lips. Teeth clashed. At some point between his brain shutting down and his spine melting, the taste in his mouth turned sweeter, more appealing. It was still blood, but not his own.

It tasted like dark chocolate. Will found himself pouring over Hannibal's lap with his hands on his naked torso, laping at the tiny cut on his lover's neck designed by his lover's hand.

Unprecedented enthusiasm flooded him. He didn't need any coffee. Eating had become irrelevant. He wanted Hannibal's blood only, thick on his tongue, so palatable a marriage of sour and sweet his papillae were overwhelmed. So good. So, so good... During one fleeting instant, Will believed he would never be able to appreciate normal food anymore.

What if he couldn't? Was he ever normal? Was Hannibal, too, only a tiny dot in the crowd? They were both more, and exponentially so together.

Will showered Hannibal's front in bloody kisses. He sucked on his collarbone. He kissed and bit his way back to the wound and revered it—could have done so for another eternity, and even the thought of bleeding his lover dry wouldn't have detered him—but then the hand guiding his life took hold of him again and pulled him away. A growl built in his chest.

Hannibal slapped him. Hard.

Will licked his lips, tasting their mingled blood. Perfect empathy. That was what Hannibal had wanted all along, and that was what he was getting now. Will's eyes widened as he took in Hannibal's aura of animality, naked for him to see, at long last, for the real Hannibal had been carefully hidden under a veneer of luxus and indifference which had fooled even him.

And then they were both naked, bare body and soul alike. Their nails found each other's back and marked and drew blood. The perfect silence of the cave turned to a symphony of moans and groans, with time amplified, until all Will could hear was the blood rushing in his ears.

He didn't need to see his body to know it was now Hannibal's canvas: full of rash lines and teeth marks, rivulets of blood at every nook and corner the artist wanted his dominance to show. Will squirmed on the cold floor as Hannibal bent over him. He didn't think he had felt him so hard before.

This hardness was soon sheated all the way inside. Will braced himself—yearned for it—but this was no rough fucking, or tender love-making; it was the truth made into sensuality, the raw touch of the stag. There was no grammar or syntax, no word. In Will's new world, there was only those hands intent, it seemed, in baring his ribs, the pain firing underneath his skin, and the pleasure, one level below, awakened at Hannibal's every thrust.

He couldn't say how much time had passed when it was over. Hannibal helped him to stand, draped his once white shirt over his aching shoulders, then kissed his bloodied lips, oh so terribly gently. Will clutched Hannibal's shoulders when he picked him up. He felt happy, more than any two cups of wine could make him feel. In Hannibal's arms, he went farther into the room.

Farther into another world.

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